

# *Patriot Courage:*

*A Story About the Boston Tea Party  
1773*



*Al M. Rocca*

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# PATRIOT COURAGE



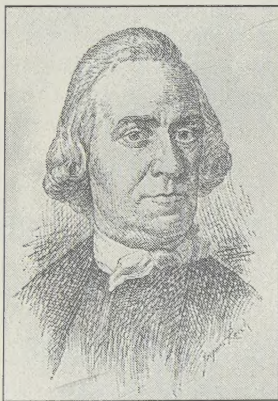


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A Story About the Boston Tea Party, 1773

By

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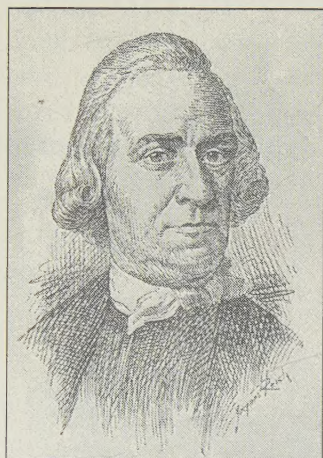
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Governor Hutchinson drawn by Katie Nichols


Teacher Guide for *Patriot Courage* is available at:

[www.dedicatedteacher.com](http://www.dedicatedteacher.com)

This book is dedicated to my grandson, Domenic



Sam Adams  
("Father" of the Revolution)



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## **Chapter 1**

### **Boston Roundball and the Tea Tax**



On a cool and windy afternoon in late October of 1773, dusk was just sprouting its shadows at the Boston Common ballpark where a long and highly contested game of “Roundball” was nearing a final outcome. Twelve-year old Peter Ward, pitching for his “Bunker Hill Patriots,” had just one more out to make to keep an 18-17 victory.

Coming to bat for the opposing team "North Church Saints" was his good friend, Daniel Harte, also twelve years old. Daniel was his team's catcher and best hitter. Pete threw his friend a fast under-hand pitch. Daniel's bat connected and smashed a ground ball to the third basemen. Reacting quickly, the third baseman knocked down the speeding ball with his crude leather glove. No sooner had the ball dropped to the ground at his feet, than the determined fielder scooped the ball up again. In a split second the ball was whizzing towards the first baseman. It was a close race, with Daniel running all-out to cross the first base bag before the ball reached the first baseman's glove. The ball won, but it was very close. "You're out!" shouted the umpire.

Peter Ward and his teammates had won the game by an eyelash! He ran over to Daniel, who was still trying to catch his breath from his fast run down the first base line. "Nice hit Daniel," said Peter. Then he continued, "If that ball had gotten past our



third baseman, you would have had a double or a triple, at least.”

“Yeah, I was hoping to get on second base at least,” Daniel replied. Then reaching out his hand to his friend, Daniel added, “Well, congratulations! You beat us again, but this time the score was close.”

The two boys shook hands, picked up their gloves and bats, said goodbye to their coach and teammates and headed home down Beacon Street.

Peter and Daniel enjoyed playing Roundball, a growing sport in colonial New England that would, one day, be known as baseball. English colonists had brought the game “Rounders” from their homeland years before, and although the Boston teams had changed the rules and equipment, it remained basically the same.

The game was played on a large field where opposing teams tried to hit a small ball with a bat or carved stick. After hitting the ball, the player needed

to run across several bags, or bases before reaching “home” and scoring a point for his team.

Boston was one of the oldest New England towns, having been founded by the Puritans in 1630. By 1773, the busy seaport hosted ships from all over the thirteen American colonies and Europe. Warehouses and fish processing houses lined famous Beacon Street. This wide commercial road, with its paved smooth cobblestones, looked busy almost every day of the week.

The city, now 143 years old, began as a refuge for the Puritans. Their leader, John Winthrop, desired to lead the Puritans to New England where they could practice their religion away from the watchful eye of the King of England. Winthrop knew that the Pilgrims had settled in the area earlier in 1620. He selected a large peninsula north of the Pilgrim colony at Plymouth, and Winthrop named the new settlement, Boston.

By 1773, Boston was much more than a haven for people seeking religious freedom. The bustling community had become the busiest, most prosperous seaport of the American colonies.

King George III, now ruler of England, and the English Parliament (lawmakers) saw Boston as an important colonial city. Raw materials such as lumber, dried fish and farm products were loaded onto tall sailing ships and sent to England. In return, England sent furniture, clothing and paper to the growing colonies. Over 500 ships a year visited Boston. England was getting rich from this trade.

Peter and Daniel had not walked far when Peter turned to his friend and said, “Hey, let’s go down to Long Wharf and see what ships are docking.” Daniel shook his head in agreement as Peter continued, “We might even get to see the *Kingfisher*.”

With a puzzled look on his face Daniel turned to his friend and asked, “What is the *Kingfisher*?”

“I know you haven’t been in Boston for long, but I thought everyone knew about the man-o-war,” answered Peter. He paused and then said, “It’s the biggest fighting ship in the King’s navy—at least it’s the biggest stationed here in the colonies. It has over 40 cannons and can blast other ships out of the water.”

The boys worked their way down to King Street, Boston’s main commercial street. On either side of this wide thoroughfare shops and warehouses of every size and shape were located. King Street came to an abrupt halt at the edge of land, and this is where Long Wharf began. The wharf jutted out far into Boston Harbor. On one side stood the docking warehouses where newly arrived goods were temporarily stored. The other side of Long Wharf was open. It was here where merchant ships anchored, one after another, in a long line.

Daniel and his father Harold Harte had disembarked here on Long Wharf only a few months



ago. Daniel's mother, Sarah, had died in England the year before and it was then that Harold decided to take his only son to America. Harold was a netter, a skilled craftsman who designed and sewed fishing nets for commercial use. They came to Boston knowing that fishing was the main industry of New England. Here he could get a job and raise his son—in the New World. Harold had tried to interest his son in net-making, but his tall, sandy-haired son seemed more interested in playing roundball.

Stopping at a large ship that boasted three very tall masts, Peter pointed and said, "Look at that one, she's a full frigate and from the look of her she's just in from Virginia."

Daniel quickly replied, "How do you know she's from Virginia?"

"Well, just look at those boxes stacked alongside," Peter answered. He continued, "the crates are carrying tobacco and they are stamped with the Chesapeake Tobacco Company seal." Peter went

on to explain that Virginia tobacco was in high demand in Boston. He added, "Some of that shipment will remain onboard and be sent to England for sale there."

For several minutes Peter and Daniel watched as dock workers used a large wooden crane to swing over five tobacco crates at a time from the ship's hold (storage area) to the wharf.

Daniel noticed the heavy-duty nets hanging from the crane's sling and said, "My father wants me to make nets like that, but I would rather be a sailor."

Peter tried to reply, but he was interrupted by a voice from behind. "Peter, what ya doin down here?" The voice belonged to Josiah Hobbs, a gray-haired Boston longshoreman who had spent most of this adult life working in and around Boston's main wharves.

Peter spun around just in time to feel Josiah's strong arms grab his shoulders. Peter was surprised, but he immediately spoke, "Josiah, I didn't know you

were working Long Wharf. I thought you worked Griffin Wharf.”

“Well lad, you see it is like this,” Josiah responded. The old man scowled and went on with his story. “The Master Jones, he up and let go of 20 men for no reason at all.” Then looking down he added, “I was one of them, and the men—well we talked it over and agreed to try Long Wharf. We knows that more and more ships are comin into Long Wharf everyday, so we gives it a try and it worked.”

Now Peter interjected, “so who are you working for now?”

“We’s heard that Master Williams & Company was hirin hands, so we’s got hired on here,” answered Josiah. He explained further, “Master Williams people are dealin with all kinds of companies in England and business is good.”

Suddenly, Josiah stopped his story to recognize the presence of Daniel. Josiah held out his hand and smiled, “What might yer name be boy?”

Peter replied first, "This is Daniel. He plays roundball for the North Church Saints and he is my best friend."

Daniel responded to Josiah by shaking the old man's hand. "Well any friend of Peter is a friend of mine," said Josiah.

"Now you see all this tobacco sitin on the dock?" Josiah pointed to the dozens of boxes piled high next to where they were standing.

"Yeah," replied Peter. Peter then added, "That tobacco is from Virginia."

"You're right lad. And soon the dock will be covered with tea," explained Josiah.

Peter quickly answered, "Yes, I have heard my father and several men talking about the tea. They are worried about a new tax that everyone will have to pay on the tea."

"Right again lad," Josiah said as he slapped Peter on the shoulder.



Peter and Daniel followed Josiah as he walked to the edge of the wharf. Then, looking out over Boston harbor Josiah went on, "The problem is the King and his Parliament. They won't let us buy nothin' but his tea and he wants to tax us."

Daniel picked up on this idea and offered his viewpoint, "Well, when we lived in England we had to pay taxes, including a tax on tea. Why would the colonists in Boston be so upset about paying a small tax?"

Josiah's eyes grew big and he stared directly at Daniel and answered, "Now, now boy, you don't know our troubles."

Peter picked up on Josiah's words and went on to tell Daniel that in England, the law allowed representatives for all the people and the people could elect good representatives to decide what should be taxed and how much they will pay. But, in America the colonists did not have any representatives.

Peter could see that Josiah was getting upset and he quickly interjected, "Josiah, Daniel does not know about our problems or just how mad we have become."

"I'm sorry lad," said Josiah as he shook his head and explained, "I get so darn mad. It's like the King and his Parliament want to take all our money. I mean, we Americans work hard and he wants to keep us under his thumb."

Now, Daniel stepped forward closer to Josiah and said, "It's OK sir, I guess I have a lot to learn about America." Then taking only a short pause Daniel added, "I did hear that there are groups of Americans who are plotting against the King and the taxes."

Peter and Josiah turned and looked at each other. Daniel could see that something was up and he spoke up, "Did I say something wrong?"

Peter quickly led Daniel away from Josiah by suggesting that they get going in search of the

*Kingfisher*. As the boys moved away, Daniel turned to say goodbye to Josiah, but he had already vanished.

• The boys did not talk again until they nearly reached the end of Long Wharf, when Peter pointed to a large ship anchored near the entrance to the harbor and said, “There she is. Look at the size of the masts and the number of gunports.”

Daniel gave a brief look, but then he turned toward Peter and asked, “Peter, why did you hurry me away from Josiah?” Before Peter could answer, Daniel added, “I mean, I know he is upset about the tea tax, is there more to the story?”

Peter pulled Daniel over to a long low crate and motioned for his friend to sit down. “Ok, I will tell you what is going on, but you must promise not to tell anyone, even your own father, about what I am going to tell you.”

Peter leaned forward and pointed once again to the *Kingfisher* and spoke. “Well, I didn’t just want to

see that ship for fun. You see I am helping a group of Boston men who are not happy about what the King and Parliament are doing to the colonies.”

Daniel tried to interject a comment, but Peter went on, “These men call themselves the Sons of Liberty and they are organizing to stop the taxes, especially this latest tax on tea. My job is to come down here every day at this time and checkout the *Kingfisher*.

Finally, Daniel blurted out, “You mean you’re a rebel! In England, the newspapers talk about some Americans who refuse to pay the taxes and who tar and feather the tax collectors.”

“Ssh. not so loud,” whispered Peter. “I can’t tell you anymore for now,” Peter said, “but if you want to know more about our cause, I will introduce you to some of our group.”

Daniel nodded that he wanted to know more. The boys turned and watched the *Kingfisher* for 30 minutes, as she rocked gently from side to side,



before they got up and started home. Daniel had more questions for Peter, many more questions, but he knew he would need to wait to have them answered.



## Chapter 2

### The Sons of Liberty



For days Daniel waited for Peter to come over to his house, but Peter did not come. Daniel wanted Peter to tell him more about Josiah and the tea tax. The next Roundball game was scheduled for Saturday, November 2, and since it was the final game of the season, many local citizens came to watch. Daniel arrived early at the Common,

and he was accompanied by his father. "Where exactly do you play the game?" asked Mr. Harte.

Daniel pointed to the four men who were raking the "diamond." "Over there father," he said. "Those men are getting the ground level and clear of rocks," he added. Harold had heard about Roundball in England, but he had never seen nor played the game.

As Daniel and his father made their way to where his team was gathering, Daniel spotted Peter just arriving on the field. Three men stood next to Peter and one of the men patted Peter on the shoulder, he then turned to walk away with the other two men. Daniel ran over to Peter and exclaimed, "Hey, why didn't you come over, I have been waiting to hear about..."

Before Daniel could get another word out, Peter put his forefinger to his lips and "sshed" Daniel. "Not now, there are too many people about and some of them may be Tories."

Frustrated, Daniel said, “I will see you after the game.” With that Daniel returned to his team and stood by his father.

Harold asked, “Is this game like the one in England?” Daniel explained that the game in America is sometimes called Townball, as each town makes up its own rules, but here in Boston it is known as Roundball.

In England the “strikers” waited for the ball to be pitched from a “feeder.” If the ball was hit the “striker” became a “runner” and ran for the first “sanctuary”, which was a marked box-area about 50 feet away. The runners could then advance through three sanctuaries with the goal of reaching the “castle” or home. Runners moved around the sanctuaries in a clockwise rotation (today baseball runners move counter-clockwise). The team with the most runners reaching the castle, won the game.

Today’s game went on for three hours and ended in a tie, when Peter hit a long fly ball into

center field, driving in two runs. With the game over, Daniel shook hands with Peter and commented, “nice hit.”

“Thanks, but it was really a lucky hit,” Peter exclaimed as he dusted off his trousers. “Your team is playing better every week and your two hits could have brought in more runs if you would have hit to center field,” he added.

Daniel now changed the subject and asked, “Can you tell me now about the patriots. I have been asking around, but no one gives me any information, except to say that some people are upset about paying taxes.”

“Actually, this is the day I was waiting for, to tell you about our meeting,” answered Peter. He went on, “Tonight some leaders of the Boston Sons of Liberty will be meeting at eight o’clock.”

Daniel interrupted, “Where is the meeting going to be held?”

Peter grabbed Daniel by the shoulder and in a low voice said, "I can't tell you. Our meeting places change from week to week and each location must remain a secret. I will pick you up tonight and take you to the meeting, but you must promise not to say anything to your father."

Daniel did not understand and asked, "Why not?"

Before Daniel could go on, Peter answered, "No one can know about the meeting places until they have been cleared as patriots."

"Well what about me?" asked Daniel

"You're with me and that's ok. It's the adults we don't trust," Peter explained.

Daniel returned to his home and waited anxiously for night to come. He had never lied to his father and he wasn't about to do it now. At dinner, Daniel and his father shared stewed potatoes and a loaf of bread. As Daniel dipped the bread in the stew



he turned to his father and asked, "Father, may I go out tonight with Peter?"

Before his father could answer, Daniel continued, "He wants to show me the part of town where some of his friends live."

Harold looked at his son with a questioning glare and asked, "What part of town would that be?" Then he added, "Some parts of Boston are not safe at night."

"Well, Peter didn't say, but I am sure that his friends live in a safe place." As his father considered this Daniel went on, "I promise I won't stay late."

This seemed to satisfy Harold, and Daniel's father said nothing more about it.

At a few minutes before eight o'clock Daniel heard a quiet knock on the heavy, solid-wood front door. Daniel rushed to open the door and as he did Peter blurted out, "Are you ready to go?"

"You bet," answered Daniel.

The boys scurried down to Queen Street then north toward Union Street. Not a word was spoken as the boys passed people busily walking back and forth. Once they had turned on Union Street, Peter pointed to a sign still visible in the darkening sky that hung above a large two-storied building. The sign read—the Green Dragon Tavern.

“In here,” whispered Peter when they neared the wide, wood-covered entry way.

Once inside the boys were immediately greeted with the smell of ale and smoke. To the left was a small, dimly lit dining area where five or six patrons were busily dishing up and eating, what appeared to be beef and bean stew and big chunks of freshly baked bread. To the right, a larger banquet room opened up that contained several long, heavily-legged dining tables. At the table nearest the fireplace a group of men huddled close together, with one of them gesturing vigorously, as if to make a point.

Daniel spoke first. "Are those men Sons of Liberty?" he asked.

"No, we never hold our meetings downstairs where anyone can walk in or hear," answered Peter. "Stay here, I'll be right back."

Peter rushed off to the inn keeper who was just coming out from the back kitchen. Peter said something to the inn keeper and pointed toward Daniel. Then the inn keeper nodded his head in approval and Peter rushed back to Daniel.

"OK, we are going on up now to the meeting room, and I must insist that you promise not to tell anyone anything that you hear tonight." Daniel did not answer, he only nodded his head.

At the top of the stairs a wide landing appeared. Peter pointed to the room on the far right and he pulled Daniel over to the door. Once there, Peter rapped the door three times, then he waited a second or two and rapped again twice. Within seconds the door opened slowly. A low voice spoke

from behind the shadows of the room. “Peter, my lad, is that you?”

“Yes,” answered Peter. “I brought my friend Daniel here. He wants to learn about us and to help us.”

Daniel looked surprised, as he did not recall saying anything about helping the Sons of Liberty. Now, several candles were lit throwing beams of light around the room. Daniel could see that the person standing at the door was Josiah, the old dock worker who he had talked with on the wharf.

“Hello there little lad,” said Josiah as he put his hand on Daniel’s shoulder. “The meetin’ will begin soon enough, come on in and say hello to some friends of mine.”

From behind the long table, three men stood up and gestured a welcoming smile. One-by-one they introduced themselves to Daniel. The first man, removed his hat and held out a hand to Daniel saying, “Hello, my name is Paul Revere.”

He pointed to the shorter man standing next to him and said, "This is Samuel Adams and the other gentleman is Dr. Joseph Warren."

• Daniel recognized the men by nodding his head and stating, "It's a great pleasure to meet you sirs."

Adams spoke next, "Have a seat over there Peter," pointing to two chairs near the window and then he added, "How is your father?"

"Peter replied, "He is a little down under the weather. He wanted to come tonight, but he said to give you his best."

Adams smiled and sat down again. Peter and Daniel moved into the wooden chairs in time to hear Adams begin to talk about the Boston tea agents and their refusal to cooperate in arguing against the new tea tax.

Dr. Warren interrupted Adams at one point claiming that the citizens of Boston must force the tea agents and Governor Hutchinson to stop the tea from

coming into the harbor. Revere added that the neighboring towns and hamlets were in full support of the Sons of Liberty and many families had already pledged to boycott, or not buy or drink the tea.

Daniel and Peter listened intently to everything that was said and several times Daniel looked over to Peter in disbelief. He could not believe that the Sons of Liberty hated the King and all of his representatives in the American colonies. It felt like these men wanted more than a repeal of the tea tax.

Sam Adams turned to Peter and asked, “Well Peter, is Daniel ready to help us? We’re going to need him to help watch the docks and the Town House.”

Peter quickly answered, “I haven’t actually told him what his assignment would be, but I know he wants to help.”

Now, Dr. Warren looked at Daniel and spoke, “Daniel, we are concerned about what the tea merchants and the governor will do. We need to



know if they are planning any action and when the tea ships will arrive.”

Daniel was both excited and confused. He wanted to know more about the tea problem and he would not mind helping, but he did not want to do anything against the law or that would get his father upset. He turned to Dr. Warren and said, “Sir, I am honored by your request. What could I do that would really help your cause?”

Revere picked up on Daniel’s words and commented, “You can help a lot. We know that the governor has spies all around the docks and they know most of us, so Peter agreed to help us watch the British warship and the goings-on at Long Wharf. His father is part of our group and Peter is never in danger. He just reports to one of us, if he learns of any news.”

Now Sam Adams came over to Daniel and further explained, “Daniel, Peter tells us that you have not been long in America. I can tell you that the

colonies are suffering under the constant taxing of items, such as paper goods and glass. Now, the King and Parliament want to tax us on tea. We would not mind so much if we could have some kind of representation in Parliament, like your father did in England, but that is not the case here. We have no say in our future.”

Paul Revere had said little to this point, but now he also came over close to Daniel and continued where Adams left off. “You see, if we let them tax us on this new shipment of tea that is due to arrive soon, then they will tax us on anything. We must take a stand.”

Warren questioned, “Will you help us?”

Before Daniel could answer, Revere made one more point, “You know, if you help us you must not tell your father until we can determine that he is with us.”

Daniel felt overwhelmed and did not know how to answer. Peter could tell that his friend was

confused and so he spoke up, "Mr. Adams, I think we should go now."

Adams nodded, "Yes, thanks for coming Daniel, please think about our request and let Peter know if you want to be part of our cause."

The boys rose up together, hurried down the stairs and disappeared into the cold, night mist that surrounded Union Street.



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

## Chapter 3

### The Liberty Tree Incident



The next morning, Harold Harte came in from his daily sunrise walk of the neighborhood to be greeted by his son, Daniel who was busily preparing a breakfast of eggs, toasted bread and tea. Harold held out his right hand, which contained a paper handbill. From the look on his father's face, Daniel could tell that Harold appeared upset.

“Look at this will ya,” said Harold. “These notices have been posted all over town. It sounds like a bunch of rabble-rousers are upset about the new tea tax and they are calling for the tea agents to resign their jobs. There’s going to be a meeting at the Liberty Tree in Hanover Square.”

Daniel perked up as soon as he heard the word ‘tea’ and he tried not to act interested. He brought the food to the table, where his father was already sitting and he said, “I heard that the colonies have never had to pay taxes like this before and some of colonists are pretty mad about it.”

Harold thought about this for a few seconds then replied, “Why, these colonists don’t know how lucky they are to not have to pay all the taxes we had to pay in England. I wondered who these “hotheads” are. I don’t like them going all over town stirin’ up trouble.”

Hearing this and now knowing that his father would be furious with him if he told him about where

he was last night, Daniel dropped the subject and father and son finished their meal in quiet.

After morning chores, Daniel hustled over to Peter's house to find out what was going on, and he found Peter just coming out into the street.

"Peter," yelled Daniel, as he caught his friend turning to head away from him. Peter, seeing Daniel, turned and ran over to him.

"Did you see the notes, did you hear about the meeting today?" questioned Peter.

"Yes, my father told me about it and I saw lots of people in the streets talking about the meeting today at the Liberty Tree. Does this have anything to do with what we heard last night?"

Peter answered quickly, "You bet it does. We are finally taking action. Now we can talk about it in the open, as most of Boston will be talking about it."

Peter wanted to continue right there, but he told Daniel that people would be gathering at Hanover Square and he wanted to get in close so he



could hear all the patriot leaders speak. Together they joined dozens of other Bostonians streaming for the Liberty Tree.

• Peter and Daniel elbowed their way through the crowd until they were in the front row of citizens. Everyone was standing around waiting for something to happen, when a serious looking, poorly dressed man raised his arms and tried to quiet the growing crowd.

“Citizens, fellow Bostonians, and fellow Americans we have come here today to decide what to do about the new tea tax and those rouges who do the King’s dirty work here in the colonies.” He paused as the crowd grew very quiet. “We have tried to get Governor Hutchinson to be reasonable. We have tried to meet with the Royal Tea Agents. We have written letters to Parliament to get them to hear our grievances. But no one replies. No one cares about us, except when it comes to devising new ways to squeeze more money from us.”

Daniel recognized the speaker as Samuel Adams. He also noticed Dr. Warren standing nearby with another tall man. Peter pointed to the tall man and turned to Daniel and whispered, "Do you see that man standing next to Dr. Warren?" Before Daniel could answer, Peter answered, "That's John Hancock, he is an important business leader in Boston and he helps organize the Sons of Liberty."

Now, Adams paused, looked over the crowd of angry Bostonians, turned for a minute to Warren and Hancock, then turned back again and asked in a loud voice, "What shall we do?"

All at once several people shouted, "Make the tea agents resign." and "Don't let the tea into Boston." Daniel noticed that most everyone was nodding in favor of taking action and for the first time, he felt nervous, almost scared. He did not want to see people get hurt. The tea wasn't worth it. But yet, the townspeople seemed determined not to back

down. Maybe there was more to this issue, like Mr. Adams had said.

Now it was Hancock's turn to speak and he quieted the crowd saying, "Fellow citizens. I agree that something must be done before the tea arrives from England. We should send official notice to the tea agents, all of them in Boston, and force them to resign. There should be no new agents until the governor secures an edict declaring no new taxes until we have voted for them, or our elected representatives, desire them."

A rousing round of applause echoed around Hanover Square. With this Adams, Warren, Hancock and other Sons of Liberty stepped out from under the wide limbs of the Liberty Tree and raised their arms together as a sign of solidarity. Even Daniel found himself caught up in the enthusiasm of the meeting and he too applauded.

"Then let it be done. Draw up the resignation demand. We need volunteers to deliver the notice to

each of the agents. Who will go? Who will serve their town of Boston and their colony of Massachusetts?" shouted Hancock.

Hands went up all around the tree and over twenty men stepped forward. The resignation notices had already been printed and so Sam Adams and Joseph Warren handed them out and the group of volunteers headed off toward Long Wharf, where the tea agents often met.

Without anyone saying anything most of the crowd, now well over a hundred people, began to follow behind the delegation. As if part of a great current, Peter and Daniel fell in among the crowd and everyone murmured in low tones about what they thought was about to happen. Would the tea agents resign or would there be a fight?

Before the crowd had walked more than a couple of city blocks, Daniel noticed a lot of people standing on the side of the street watching. It was at this time when Daniel heard a familiar voice call out,

“Daniel, come here!” He looked over and saw his father!

Without thinking, Daniel tugged on Peter’s coat and said, “Peter, I have to go.” Before Peter had turned to his friend, Daniel was gone.

The days slowly moved on and the cold of autumn season came upon Boston. The mornings were cold and crisp, and the afternoons clouded over with a constant threat of rain. Peter had not seen his friend since the Liberty Tree meeting.

Daniel had not gone to school or come to Peter’s house and Peter had not seen Daniel anywhere near the wharf. He wanted to go to Daniel’s house, but something inside him told him to wait.

Finally, a week later on November 10, Daniel returned to school. It was during the lunch break that Peter was able to corner his friend.

“Daniel, why haven’t you been to school and why don’t I see you at the wharf in the afternoons?” asked Peter.

At first, Daniel looked away, but then Peter tugged on his arm. Daniel turned to face Peter and with a perfectly somber face exclaimed, “I have been sick.”

Peter could tell that something was wrong and he responded, “Sick, sick with what?”

Daniel shrugged off the question with a short reply, “Just sick.”

“Come on Daniel, I’m your friend, you can tell me the truth. Please I want to know. Is it anything I said or did?”

Daniel began to sweat, even though the temperature was below 50 degrees. He looked around, then grabbed Peter by his arm and said, “Look, I got into a lot of trouble with my father for attending that meeting of the patriots. He is against



the patriot cause and he doesn't want me to get involved."

"I knew it," answered Peter. "I guessed that he might not approve of what we are doing. But, I didn't think he was that set against our cause."

"Well he is, and I am not sure he is wrong," remarked Daniel. He continued, "After all, we are all British citizens living in the American colonies and we must follow the laws."

"I agree. But, British citizens living at home in England have representatives in Parliament. Those representatives are elected by the people and therefore the people have a say in the laws. Well, it's not that way here in Boston or anywhere else in the American colonies. We have no representatives and no voting rights. That's not fair."

Daniel listened to the passionate speech from Peter and then answered, "I understand all that. But, you should not disobey the law or threaten anyone to get your way."

Peter could see that Daniel was not going to give in to the logic of his argument and so he smiled and answered, "Ok then, we will just have to agree to disagree, but let's stay friends."

Daniel nodded approval and the boys returned to their classroom.

The days grew shorter as Peter and Daniel attended their classes. They talked little of the Liberty Tree incident or the patriot cause. However, most of Boston continued to talk about the growing tension.

Rumors were flying about, that the shipments of tea would be arriving anytime, and everyone wondered what would happen when the ships entered Boston Harbor.

Finally, on November 28 the first tea ship arrived. It was named the *Dartmouth*. Word spread quickly around the town, even though it was Sunday, and many citizens rushed down to Long Wharf to get a glimpse of the ship.

Daniel and his father were in church when they heard the news of the *Dartmouth's* arrival. After the service everyone in the congregation formed groups outside the church and talked about the *Dartmouth*.

Daniel's father stood in one of these groups and listened, but did not speak. It was then that Daniel nudged his father and asked, "Father, may I go down to the wharf with the others to see what is happening?"

Quickly, Harold turned and answered, "No, I fear that trouble is brewing."

Somehow, Daniel knew that this would be his father's answer. Standing nearby was Samuel Lindstrom, one of Harold's friends. He now spoke up, "Oh, Harold, let young Daniel come with me. I want to see what all this fuss is about."

Harold hesitated, but before he could answer, Daniel saw his chance and said, "Yes, let me go. I promise to keep out of trouble."

Harold was firm and with his arms folded he replied, "No. I tell you it is best to stay clear of this controversy."

The next afternoon after school, Peter pulled Daniel aside.

"Hey Daniel," shouted Peter as he saw his friend entering the school yard. When they drew close, Peter looked around and said, "Daniel let's go down to Griffin's Wharf and see what is going on with the *Dartmouth*."

"Griffin's Wharf," exclaimed Daniel. "You mean Long Wharf?"

"No," answered Peter. "Sam Adams and the others held a big meeting and they ordered the captain of the *Dartmouth* to move his ship to Griffin's Wharf."

"Why?" asked Daniel.

"Well, the rumor is that the Sons of Liberty will be stationed on the wharf to make sure none of the tea is unloaded."

Daniel was shocked and his face showed a curious expression as he remarked, "Wow, if they do that, I think the governor will send in troops and that means trouble."

"Well, let's go down and see if anything is happening," replied Peter.

Daniel hesitated for several seconds, considering what his father would think about this, but he could not resist. "Ok, then, let's go, but only for a short time."

Sure enough, by the time the boys arrived at Griffin's Wharf scores of curious onlookers surrounded the loading area near the *Dartmouth*. Peter had been right. He and Daniel counted twelve men, armed with muskets standing near the main loading plank. Peter and Daniel looked at each other then nodded when they heard a man say to his wife standing nearby, "This tea protest is getting serious."

## Chapter 4

### The *Eleanor* and the *Beaver* Arrive



The mornings grew icy cold as the month of December came to Boston. Yet, the talk all over town was getting as hot as the month of July. At school, Daniel and Peter often talked with two older boys, Peter Slater and Jonathan Hunnewell Jr., both 14-years old. Jonathan's brother, Richard, 16-years old, was, along with his father, a member of the Sons

of Liberty. Everyday Peter Slater and the Hunnewell brothers talked about nothing but the tea crisis.

“I wonder what will happen when the other tea ships arrive?” Jonathan would ask and Peter Slater would answer, “We need to sink the *Dartmouth* and any other ship that comes into the harbor.”

One time, during a discussion much like the one above, Richard Hunnewell appeared frustrated and said, “If they would only listen to some of us, we would have already taken care of this tea problem.”

Daniel and Peter Ward were with Peter Slater and the Hunnewell brothers on December 1<sup>st</sup> standing near the *Dartmouth* when they noticed the captain of the ship going on board.

“The captain should be tarred and feathered for bringing the tea to Boston,” said Jonathan.

As usual, Peter Slater added, “Yeah, and then the Sons of Liberty should sink the ship.”



Immediately, Richard looked around to see if anyone was within ear shot and he whispered, "Well, my friends, you might not be too far off."

"What does that mean?" asked Daniel.

"Well, it might not be the ship that sinks, but I have a feeling that it won't be long now before something sinks."

Peter Ward and Peter Slater immediately asked Richard for an explanation, but Richard only smiled and walked away.

The next day, the people of Boston were shocked to see the second tea ship arrive, the *Eleanor*. It pulled in and anchored not far from the *Dartmouth*. Everyone expected tensions to rise quickly, but nothing happened.

Soon after this, another tea ship, the *Beaver*, slipped into Boston Harbor. Rumors began to spread among the townspeople that more ships were on the way and that the governor was preparing to unload the ships, using his troops.

## Patriot Courage

Daniel found it difficult to deal with the growing questions he had about the right of colonists to take action against the King of England. He knew where his father stood on the issue and he knew where Peter and his friends stood. Yet, he felt that surely there must be other Bostonians who questioned the work of the Sons of Liberty.

One day as he and his father visited the home of Joshua Langston, Daniel met Elizabeth, Joshua's 13-year old daughter. Elizabeth was tutored at home and so he had not met her at school. While the fathers talked in the parlor, Elizabeth asked Daniel to accompany her on a short trip to the market.

"My father told me that you are new to the colonies," Elizabeth said in a friendly tone, as they stepped out onto the cobblestones of Taylor Street.

Daniel quickly answered, "Yes, we are recently arrived from England. My father thought that the colonies might be a good place for starting over."

“I understand,” said Elizabeth. “My grandfather came here for the same reason.”

Within minutes the pair arrived at the Boston South Side Market and as they entered the building they saw a group of men and women huddling near a posted newspaper article. People were talking in heated tones when Elizabeth and Daniel came near the group.

“Why don’t they just go on board and haul the tea to Marlborough Street, place the boxes in front of the governor’s mansion and burn all of it?” questioned one man.

“If you ask me, they should hang the governor while they are at it,” shouted another man.

Elizabeth looked shocked. She quickly turned away from the group and as soon as she reached the nearby fish stand, she turned toward Daniel and said, “You know I cannot understand why so many citizens are behaving like this.”

At first Daniel did not reply and as Elizabeth eyed the layers of fresh fish she continued, "It's like they have all gone mad. One day they are all peace-loving citizens and the next minute they are rebels."

Now Daniel answered, "I know, my father is upset with all this talk of a tea tax rebellion."

Elizabeth nodded, picked up a large, fresh codfish, wrapped it in paper and moved toward the check counter. After paying, Elizabeth and Daniel took a side glance toward the growing crowd of people discussing the newspaper article. Now, several citizens had copies of the notice and they began passing it around.

"Look at them. Just like a pack of wolves," said Elizabeth as she pointed to the crowd. She went on, "The Sons of Liberty are to blame."

"How do you mean? What did they do?" asked Daniel.

"Surely you must have heard how they stir up trouble. That Sam Adams, he and his cronies, they

make speeches and write notices. I'll bet you that this is one of their notices."

From this reaction, Daniel quickly learned that Elizabeth was not happy with the Sons of Liberty or any of the rebels. They started back and had not gone far when they saw another notice. Daniel ran over to look at it.

"Don't read that trash," Elizabeth called out. When she saw that Daniel would not listen, she joined her friend and quietly read the notice.

"What does this mean?" asked Daniel as he pointed to a section of the article. "It sounds like they are talking about Governor Hutchinson."

"You're right," responded Elizabeth. "I can't believe they are actually issuing threats against him and anyone who supports the tea tax."

Elizabeth looked frustrated and now began to dismiss the rebels as lawless hooligans who have no regard for the law. At one point, she put her arms on her waist and exclaimed, "Everyone pays taxes, why

do they think they are so special that they don't need to pay?"

Daniel wanted to say something, but he didn't know how to respond. In his own mind he was getting more and more confused. Elizabeth's logic made sense, but the arguments of his friend Peter and the Sons of Liberty also appeared to be good.

Finally, he turned away from the notice, looked at Elizabeth and said, "I think everybody should calm down and spend more time trying to find peaceful ways of settling their differences."

This apparently did not satisfy Elizabeth, who whirled around and ripped the notice off the posting board. As she tore it to shreds, she said, "There, that is what I think of Sam Adams and the Sons of Liberty."

A few days later on December 16<sup>th</sup>, Daniel saw Peter near Griffin's Wharf. Peter had just said goodbye to several older boys, one of whom appeared to be Richard Hunnewell.

“Hey, Peter, what are you doing?” asked Daniel.

Peter turned about with a surprised look and walked over to greet his friend. “I thought you were not allowed to be down at the wharf anymore.”

Daniel answered, “Well, not exactly. Father said that I was not to go to any of the meetings of the Sons of Liberty or do anything against the law.”

“Well, Ok. Listen. Do you want to come down to the wharf with me? I need to check on something.”

Daniel knew better than to ask the next question. “Does this have anything to do with the tea ships?”

Peter smiled, whirled about and said, “Come on. I have some really important news to tell you.”

Down at the docks, hundreds of people scurried about in all directions. Peter nodded to numerous men and Daniel thought that many of them were probably members of the Sons of Liberty. As



they neared the *Dartmouth*, the pair of boys spotted Josiah Hobbs.

“Peter, my lad. How ya doin?” barked Josiah as he reached out with both arms.

Peter let the old sailor give him a good shake then he backed away and said, “You remember my friend, Daniel, don’t you?”

Josiah stared at Daniel, while he stroked his impressive beard. “Why yes, we met on the wharf sometime ago. Well, I hope you and your Pa are doin well in Boston these days.

“Yes, sir,” answered Daniel. “We are getting along fine.”

“Good, that’s good. Now, both of ya, look here.” Josiah turned to face the *Dartmouth*, pointed to the loading plank and continued, “Nothin is comin off that ship, and we will make darn sure nothin goes on.”

Peter nodded approvingly and then said, “I hear that the Committees of Correspondence are

meeting this afternoon to decide what to do if the captain of the *Dartmouth* will not take the tea back to England.”

“You be right about that my boy,” said Josiah.

Hearing this, Daniel now spoke up, “Do you mean the Sons of Liberty are demanding that the tea is sent back?”

“That’s right lad,” responded Josiah with a big grin.

Daniel could not help from asking the next question. “Why can’t the tea be unloaded and sold to anyone who will pay the tax? Isn’t that fair?”

Josiah and Peter looked at each other as if wondering why Daniel just could not understand their viewpoint. Finally, Josiah had to speak, “No, No!” he said. “It’s the idea of taxin us that counts. If you let them tax us on this here tea, then they’ll be taxin us on everything.”

Peter chimed in with a comment. “We all need to stay together on this. If the governor knows that

enough Tories will pay the tax, he will order the tea unloaded as soon as he can.”

Tories was a word Daniel had heard before but he wanted to make sure of its meaning, so he asked Peter what he meant by the term. Peter quickly explained, “You know, anyone who is for the tax and the King, is a Loyalist—we call them Tories.”

“Yep,” added Joaiah. Then Josiah explained further, “Them Tories are all over Boston and we’re goin to teach ‘em a lesson.”

When Daniel asked what he meant when he said “teach ‘em a lesson”, Josiah laughed out loud, pointed to the *Dartmouth* and declared, “You’ll see boy, There’s goin to be a tea party tonight.”

Now Daniel’s curiosity was soaring. He wanted to know more, but Josiah only patted Peter on the shoulder, turned and walked away.

Peter and Daniel sat down on a nearby stack of small boxes as Daniel asked more questions. “Tea

Party? Are the Sons of Liberty going to steal some of the tea and have a party to mock the governor?"

Peter laughed slightly then answered, "Good idea, but no. Ok, listen I need you to promise not to say anything to anyone—and that means your father, then I will tell you."

Daniel hesitated, but he wanted to know so badly that he agreed. Peter explained that a decision had been made to dress up like Mohawk Indians, board the three tea ships at night and dump all of the tea into the harbor. The idea was to destroy the tea, but to do it without anyone getting hurt and without the governor finding out the identity of any of the "Indians."

"Wow! That is a fantastic idea," exclaimed Daniel in a loud whisper. "Who is actually going to dump the tea?" he asked.

Peter explained to Daniel that they both could find out tonight, for the "tea party" was scheduled for that very evening. He grabbed Daniel by one arm,

## Patriot Courage

looked his friend right in the eyes and said, "Now, I have trusted you with this information and I did so for a reason. I think you do care about our cause and I told Mr. Adams and Mr. Revere that you could be trusted."

Daniel thought about this for a moment then he responded, "And so you can. But, why did you tell me now?"

"Because, my friend, I want you to join me at the tea party tonight," Peter announced.

## Chapter 5

### “Mohawk Indians” have a “Tea Party”



Daniel sat on the edge of his bed on the afternoon of December 16<sup>th</sup> and pondered what to do. His best friend, Peter Ward, had only hours before, invited him to join a “tea party” that could change the course of history for the colonies. Yet, he worried about what his father had told him about not getting involved with the rebels, and he wondered also if

## Patriot Courage

Elizabeth was correct when she said that the Sons of Liberty were traitors and criminals. He had never been so confused before about what to do.

As the afternoon wore on Daniel waited nervously for Peter to contact him. Meanwhile, he kept asking himself, "Are the patriots right or are the loyalists right?"

It was around 4:00 pm when Daniel heard a sharp rap on the front door. He knew immediately that it was Peter, as Peter had a two-tap, then three-tap rap that they used to signal each other. Luckily, Daniel's father was gone and Peter got right to the point.

"OK, listen. There is a big meeting going on down at the meetinghouse and Adams is telling everyone that something must be done tonight, as the governor may land the tea tomorrow," explained Peter.



Daniel tried to soak in this information then he asked, "Does that mean the 'tea party' is a go for tonight?"

"Well, they are giving the captain of the *Dartmouth* one more chance to sail out of the harbor, but he won't do it," answered Peter. He continued, "Already some of the 'Indians' are gathering at the home of Benjamin Edes."

"Edes?" questioned Daniel. "I know his son."

"Yes," responded Peter. "Now, I need to know, did you say anything to anybody about our plans for tonight?"

"No, I promised I wouldn't say anything and I didn't," answered Daniel strongly.

"Thanks Daniel," responded Peter. "I know you have a lot of questions about what we are doing and our fight for representation, but I know that once you and your father spend a little more time in Boston, you will see that most of us here want to determine our own future. In fact, many of the Sons

of Liberty are thinking that tonight might help lead us to full independence for the colonies.”

Daniel began to see where all this was going. He now understood that Sam Adams, Paul Revere and the other Sons of Liberty needed this “tea party” to rally the people behind a good cause—a cause that would unite them.

It was then, that he realized that an important decision needed to be made. Did he want to remain part of the “Old World” thinking and be part of the British Empire or did he want to “cast his lot” for a bold, new cause, a cause that might lead to a new country and new opportunities?

All of this thinking lasted several moments and then Daniel finally spoke, “I want to help but I promised my father that I would not do anything illegal or get involved in any violent acts.”

Peter nodded and said, “I promise that if you help tonight you will not be asked to do anything against the law.”

With this Daniel agreed to go and Peter smiled and told him to meet the group of "Indians" at Griffin's Wharf at 6:00 pm.

Shortly after Peter left, Daniel's father, Harold, returned home. Daniel had the kitchen fire well stoked as his father entered. Harold said, "Son, sorry I am a little late but I have been down at the Queen's Inn and I got to talking with several merchants. They explained the tea tax situation from an interesting viewpoint."

Then he motioned for Daniel to sit with him at the table. "What is it father?" asked Daniel.

"Well, I might have been wrong about these patriots. I found out that they have already been taxed many times before and they are mighty mad about it," explained Harold. He then went on, "There was a Stamp tax and a series of other taxes on glass, paint and all sorts of other items and this tea tax is the worst of them all. It will cut out all competition from

colonial tea merchants and give the business to one company, the British East India Company.”

Daniel knew all about this, as he had heard it mentioned many times by Peter and his friends. The conversation went on and Harold declared, “Well anyway, the Sons of Liberty are set to do something tonight and I mean to go down with the crowd and see what they are going to do.”

Daniel could not believe his ears. Finally, he could tell his father about the part he would play in the big event. “Father, I found out from Peter that the big event will be a ‘tea party’ down at the ships. I’m not sure what that means, but may I go? Peter wants me to help with some part of it, but he promised that there would be no violence.”

Surprisingly, Harold agreed and father and son quickly ate their simple meal of fish soup, bread and a small portion of cheese.

Toward early evening Peter and his father slipped into their heavy wool coats, put on hats and

scarves and stepped outside into the cold, moist air.

They had not gone two blocks when they saw a large crowd gathering on King Street. Daniel recognized Peter standing with a group of boys and ran over to them.

“Peter, what’s going on now?” asked Daniel.

Peter had been talking with Joshua Wyeth and Joseph Lovering, both 15-years old, when he turned to answer the question. “Hi, Daniel,” he said in an excited voice. “Joshua and Joseph are going to help dump the tea during the “party.” Peter hesitated for a moment then he continued. “Look, they need us to go ahead and scout out Griffin’s Wharf to make sure there are no British guards on duty tonight.”

As he finished his statement, he noticed Daniel’s father approaching. “Is he with us tonight?” asked Peter.

“Well, my father wants to see what’s going to happen and he understands now why colonists are upset,” answered Daniel.

Peter explained to Daniel and his father the plan of action, which included quietly moving down to the wharf, boarding the three ships and dumping the tea into the harbor. He said that only young men 14 and older would be allowed to go, but that a large crowd of spectators would watch from the wharf.

Harold gave permission for Daniel to go ahead with Peter to scout Griffin's Wharf. "No funny business now, be off and I will meet you there later," hollered Harold as his young son flew down the wet cobblestone street.

Daniel and Peter saw no British guards or dock workers as they neared the tea ships. In fact, no one was present at all. Only a small dark cat scurried across the wharf and disappeared behind a stack of large crates.

"I don't see anyone," whispered Peter. "Look, there is no sign of guards on the *Dartmouth* either," he added as he pointed to the dark, quiet ship.

Daniel strained to see the other two ships and whispered back to Peter. "I can't see anyone on the *Beaver* or the *Eleanor*. I think it might be a trap."

Peter thought for a second and said, "You know you could be right. The Tories have spies and they must know of our plans. Let's look around in the nearby warehouses."

After searching separately for 15 minutes, the boys met and decided that no one was in the vicinity. Now, they crept close to the *Dartmouth* and hid behind several large boxes.

Listening for anything suspicious Peter and Daniel remained quiet for, what seemed an hour, but was actually only a few minutes. The *Dartmouth* rode the gentle harbor swells, bobbing up and down slightly. "I don't hear anything," said Peter. Then Peter asked, "How could the British soldiers hide for so long without any of them making some kind of noise?"



## Patriot Courage

Daniel now provided an answer, "Maybe the British don't know the tea party is tonight, or maybe they don't think the patriots will really go through with the action."

"This is crazy, I just don't know what to think," Peter said. He added, "Well, I don't want to hang around here any more. Let's get back and report the situation."

Running as fast as they could, Peter and Daniel reached the large crowd, now well over a thousand people, within a few minutes. Daniel was amazed to see the silent crowd being led by Indians, Mohawk Indians! He immediately turned to Peter and said, "Wow, they really look like Indians."

Peter explained, once again, to Daniel that volunteers of the Sons of Liberty agreed to dress up as Indians to disguise their true identity, in case the governor tried later to bring the tea party participants to trial in court. Immediately behind the "Indians" were Sam Adams, John Hancock, and Paul Revere.

## Patriot Courage

Peter and Daniel reported their findings of no guards to Sam Adams, who thanked the boys for their scouting work. "Alright then, good job boys," remarked Adams. He turned toward Hancock and Revere and said, "You heard these lads, it's a tea party tonight."

With Adams' final approval the "Indians" raised their tomahawks (axes), cheered quietly, and marched onto Griffin's Wharf.

The boys followed the "Indians" to an area directly in front of the *Dartmouth*, where the Indians divided themselves into three "war parties."

Each war party headed to one of the tea ships. Daniel watched the "Indians" and a strange feeling came over him. He had never seen anything like this before.

As he stood on the wharf staring at the "Indians", he was joined by his father and together they watched as hundreds of onlookers turned into a

crowd of about 5,000 protestors. It seemed like the entire town was here tonight to watch the “tea party.”

• Once on board the *Dartmouth* the “Indians” moved quickly below deck to search for guards. They found only one or two “keepers of the watch” and these men made no attempt to stop the “tea party.”

Soon, Peter, Daniel, Harold and the crowd could hear the sound of rope block and tackles working. In a few minutes, the first tea crates appeared on deck. Immediately, the “Indians” used their tomahawks to crack open the crates. Then lifting the boxes over their heads, the “Indians” tossed them into the cold water of Boston Harbor. Many of the “Indians” had taken off their feathered war bonnets to work more effectively.

As the tea dumping continued, Peter and Daniel moved along the wharf just enough to see that the same action was taking place on the *Beaver* and the *Eleanor*.

Daniel wondered if British guards, with loaded muskets, would appear at any minute. But none did. In fact, the two British warships lay at anchor not far away, and yet there was no movement from onboard either ship.

Some people in the crowd whispered very quietly, but most remained silent. Many of them smiled in an approving manner, while others looked astonished that such an event was taking place, and not doubt worried about what the governor would do when he found out.

Others in the crowd tried to count the number of boxes being thrown overboard from the *Dartmouth*, but it was difficult to keep up, as so many boxes (114) went smashing into the sea. There were an equal number of tea crates on each ship, so a total of 342 boxes of tea were dumped that night.

The “tea party” took less than an hour and the “Indians” put their feathered war bonnets back on, cleaned up the deck of each ship, climbed back onto

Griffin's Wharf and lined up in military fashion. Adams gave a nod and the army of "Indians" marched back into the city.

Peter and Daniel followed the crowd, whispering to each other about what they had seen. Quickly the crowd dispersed and so the "tea party" came to an end. Peter and Daniel said goodnight to each other and parted for their homes. They both knew that something big, very big, had just happened at Griffin's Wharf.

## Epilogue



Governor Hutchinson was furious the next day when he went down to the harbor to inspect the ships. Immediately he wrote a letter to London explaining the “tea party” to the King and Parliament. For days following the event, townspeople worried that the governor would take drastic action, using force. But, he did not. Instead, he decided to wait for orders from London.

The Sons of Liberty continued to meet, but they did not plan any other acts against the governor. Paul Revere rode to other colonies to let them know that all of the tea had been dumped. Sam Adams worked hard to keep up a debate about taxation and its abuse by the King. He wrote many letters and he talked about independence from England.

Peter and Daniel talked about the “tea party” for weeks and they too, waited to see what the King would do.

They did not have long to wait. By March of 1774, Parliament and the King passed the Boston Port Act. To punish Boston, which they saw as the “rabble-rouser” of the colonies, they decided to shut down the harbor. This meant that no American ships could enter or leave Boston port without permission from the governor. To make sure the new law was enforced, more troops were ordered to the city.

Now, 5,000 soldiers were either in or near the city. Governor Hutchinson was replaced by a



military leader, General George Gage, who soon after his arrival in Boston ordered a curfew (time limit) for evening activity. No doubt he did this to discourage groups like the Sons of Liberty from causing trouble at night.

The citizens of Boston did not like having “lobster-backs” (British soldiers) patrolling their streets. They became very upset when Parliament passed another law against Boston—the Quartering Act. This law required Boston homeowners to house and feed soldiers. The homeowners would be paid, but it was a direct insult to the privacy of each family.

While all of this was going on, Adams and Hancock found it more and more difficult to live in Boston. General Gage was determined to find the leaders of the Sons of Liberty and to bring them to British justice.

Eventually, the leaders of the Sons of Liberty fled the city for sanctuary in nearby towns, like

Lexington and Concord. Meanwhile, Adams encouraged local citizens outside of Boston to organize into militia (citizen soldiers). The response was immediate and strong. The militias began drilling to be soldiers. They also gathered guns and ammunition.

By now, even Daniel's father, Harold, had become a patriot. He promised to serve in the nearby Charlestown militia, if needed. Daniel and Peter, for their part, reported to Paul Revere.

Revere had agreed to stay in Boston and provide "eyes and ears" for the Sons of Liberty. Letters flowed back and forth from Revere and Adams, as they tried to guess what General Gage was doing.

While the boys were not in school, they kept a close watch on the new British warships in Boston Harbor. By now, Daniel had committed to becoming a patriot and he vowed, along with Peter, that they

would support the Sons of Liberty and the growing call for an independent United States of America.

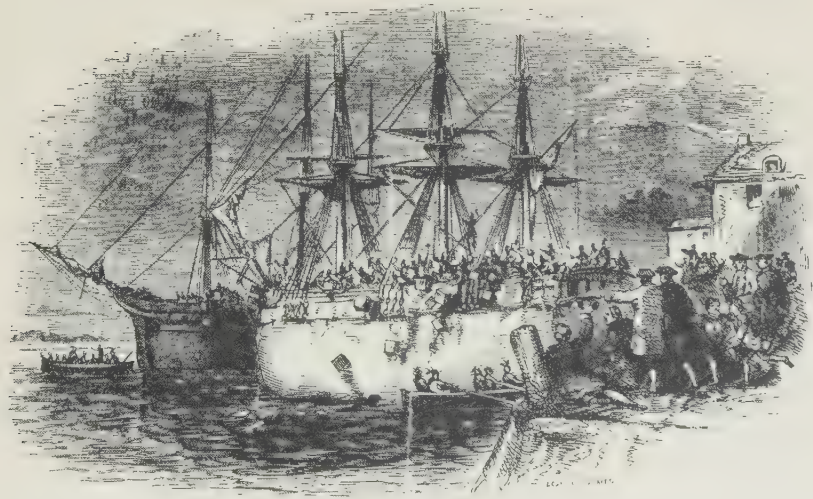
The situation grew tense when in early 1775 General Gage found out that Adams and Hancock were hiding out in the nearby town of Lexington. He also discovered that the rumor of Americans stockpiling guns and ammunition was correct.

An informant told Gage that a large cache of guns was being moved to Concord. The general immediately made plans to put together a force to capture Adams and Hancock and to recover or destroy the guns.

Fortunately for the Sons of Liberty, they were tipped-off that Gage was going to move a column of soldiers from Boston to carry out his plan. But, the Americans were not sure which way the British would march. It was vital to know exactly their route so the militia, also known as minutemen, could organize a defense against the soldiers.

## Patriot Courage

An elaborate plan to warn the militia was put together and Paul Revere was selected to lead the effort. But, he needed help, lots of help, and it would be two colonial boys, Peter Ward and Daniel Harte, that would help Paul Revere on that famous night in April—when Revere galloped on his courageous Midnight Ride.



## Glossary

### Chapter 1

**sprouting**—coming up and growing

**whizzing**—speeding

**commercial**—having to do with business

**paved**—pressed or cemented into the ground

**refuge**—a place of safety

**bustling**—busy and active

**prosperous**—successful and growing

**peninsula**—a section of land that sticks out into a harbor or the ocean

**thoroughfare**—a wide commercial street lined with shops and merchants

**disembarked**—to get off a ship, after a voyage

**boasted**—to show off or display

**King**—reference here is to King George III of England

**Parliament**—England's representatives that made laws for the people

**viewpoint**—a person's feeling or opinion about something or someone

**colonists**—a person living in one of the 13 colonies in America

**interjected**—when someone adds a comment to a discussion

## Patriot Courage

**“under his thumb”**—a phrase used to mean that someone is under the strong control of another person

**rebel**—used here to mean an American colonist that is against the King

### Chapter 2

**hamlet**—a small town

**accompany**—to be with another person

**sanctuary**—a safe place

**rotation**—a person or thing turning around

**anxious**—to be nervous for something to happen

**scurry**—a disease from not eating enough fruit

**tavern**—a place where food and drink are served

**rap**—to knock, as on a door

**gesture**—using hand motions to communicate

**intently**—focused with your attention

### Chapter 3

**resign**—to quit a job or position

**rouges**—outlaws or men acting in bad faith

**edict**—an official law or declaration

**somber**—to be in a quiet and sad mood

**cause**—a goal that means much to some people

**furious**—to become very upset

## Patriot Courage

**chores**—your daily or weekly jobs around the house or work

**streaming**—when a large crowd moves along quickly

**grievances**—complaints against someone or something

**devising**—planning a method that will work

**delegation**—a group of appointed representatives

**murmured**—to speak in a low tone

**passionate**—something you care about greatly

### Chapter 4

**shocked**—something you find hard to believe

**slipped**—to sneak out

**hooligans**—a wild group of people

**whirled**—to turn around quickly

**tensions**—bad feelings between two people or groups

**tutored**—when someone helps another to learn something

**huddling**—a group of people standing close to one another

**cronies**—friends that all belong to an organization that is considered to be bad

### Chapter 5

**pondered**—to think about something

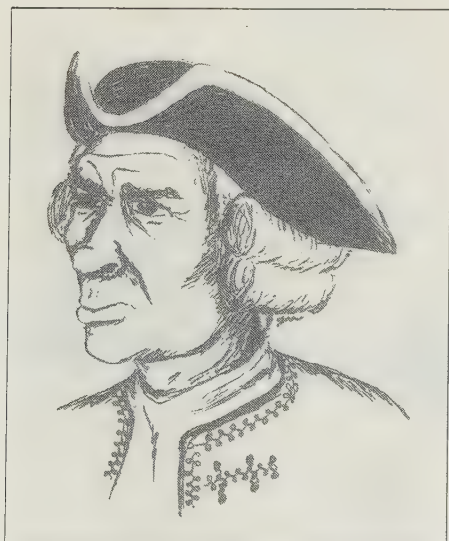
**spectators**—a group of people watching an event



## Patriot Courage

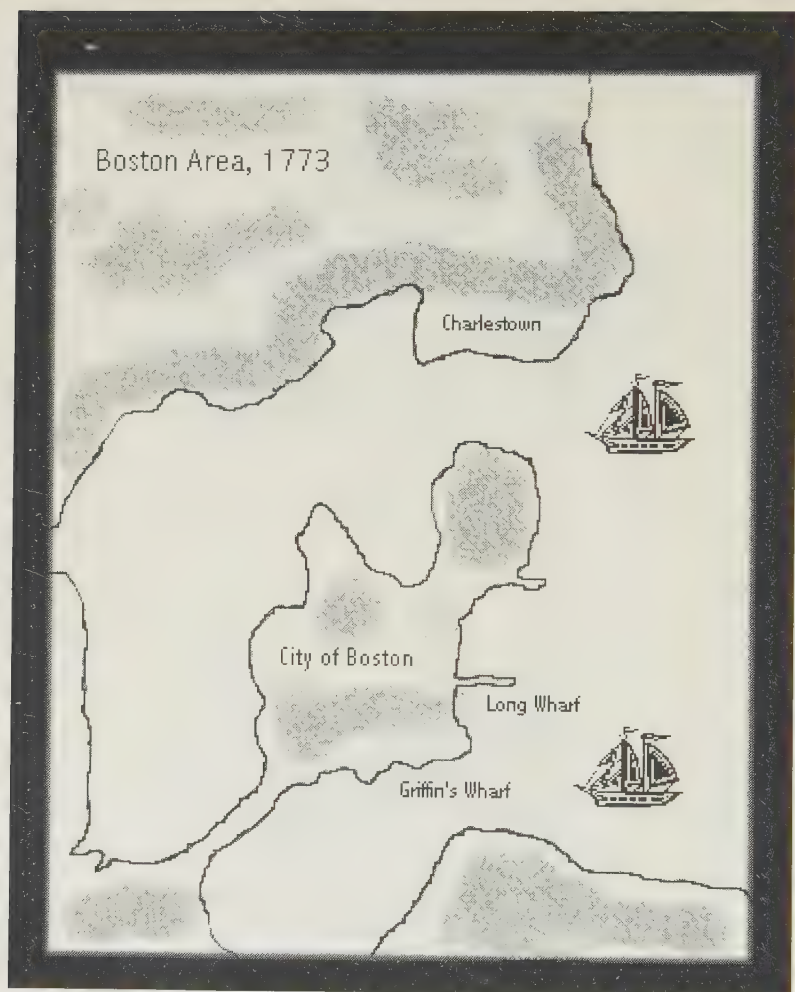


A Boston patriot



Governor Hutchinson

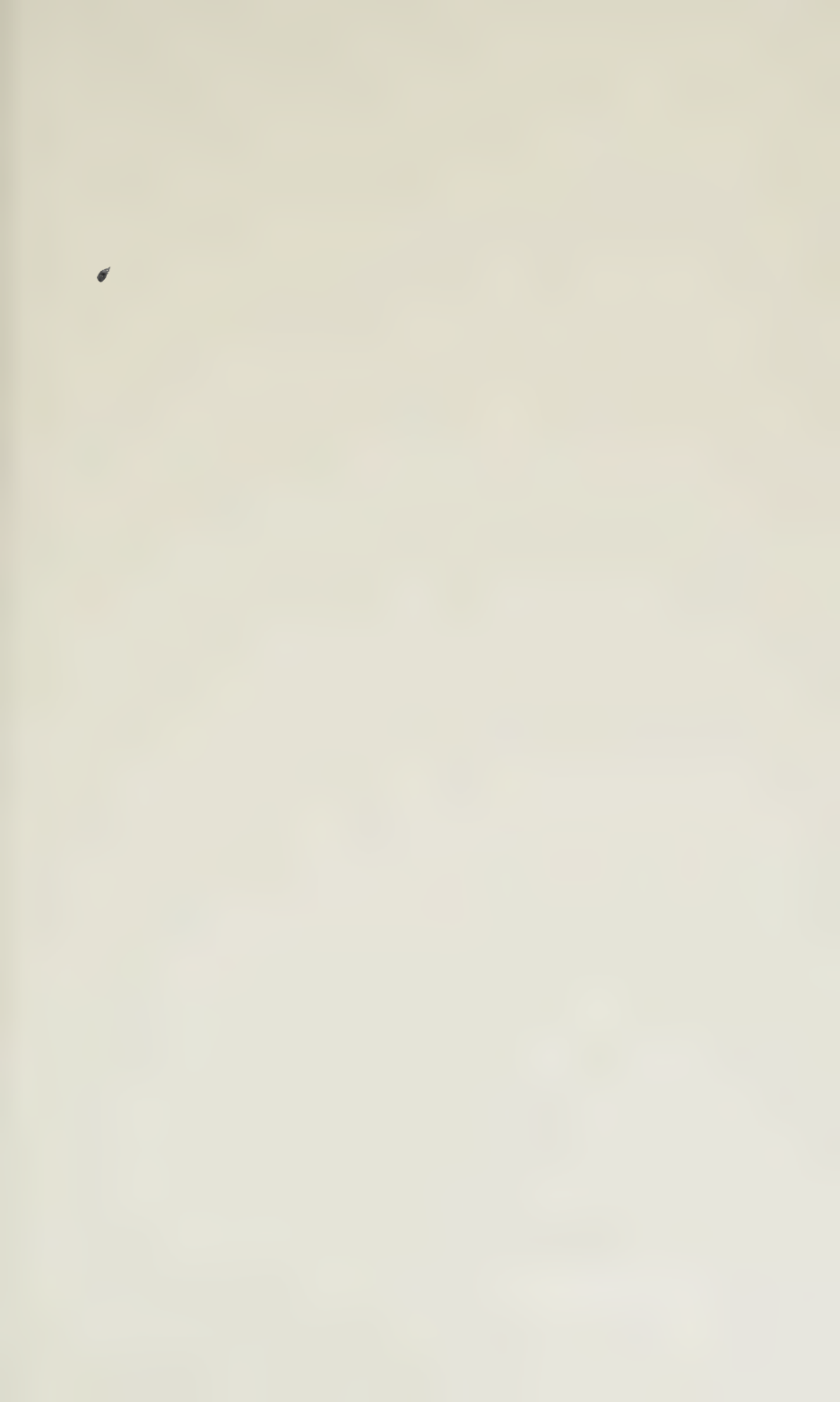
## Patriot Courage



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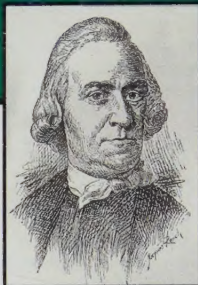
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Twelve-year old Daniel Harte and his father, Harold, have recently arrived in colonial Boston in 1773. Daniel's new friend, Peter Ward, is a member of the patriotic group of local citizens known as the Sons of Liberty. Join Daniel and Peter as they prepare for the biggest "tea party" in Boston's history.

### Teacher Guide

A complete curriculum guide is available for teaching *Patriot Courage* to your class. The Teacher Guide includes lesson plans, vocabulary guide, and ready-to-print activities.

Go to: [www.dedicatedteacher.com](http://www.dedicatedteacher.com)

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